THE Z FIGHTERS

HALAL ADVENTURE

Before we begin this little adventure of Goku and Vegeta we need to remind you that “Gidnamik” translates to “In front of you” in Arabic.

This is not a mockery of islam or making fun of it in any way. We are trying to show how to Z fighters would be as muslims

Another note is that this is a fan project and if we publish this we will make it free because we want to avoid copyright

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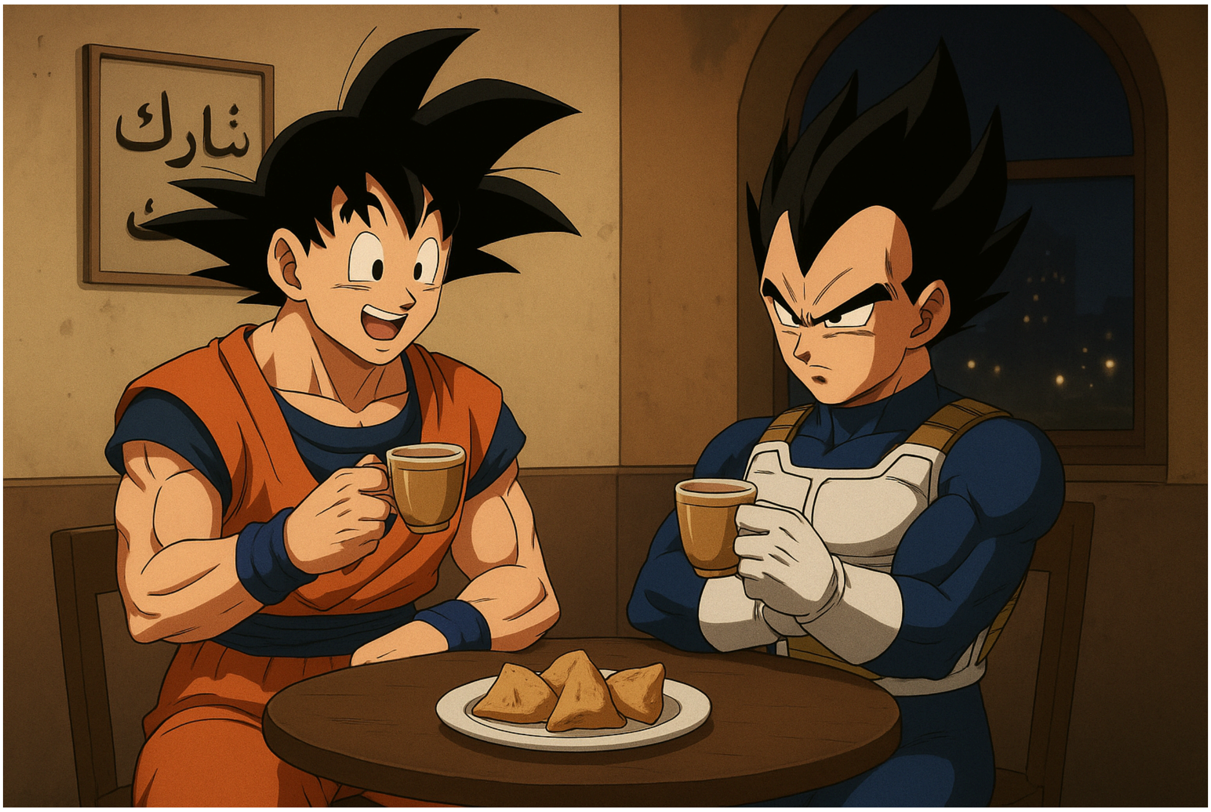
Extra Credit
ChatGpt

The night sky over Abu Dhabi was calm, with the faint glow of the Corniche lights reflecting off the wot’ah. The streets were quiet, the city winding down after a long day. Inside a small karak shop tucked between modern buildings and date palm trees, the scent of strong, sweet karak tea and crispy samosas filled the air.



Goku plopped down at a table by the window, his eyes wide at the view of the lit-up skyline. “Vegeta! Look at this city at night! But first… samosas!” He grabbed a steaming pastry and dunked it into his cup of rich, milky karak.

Vegeta scowled but reluctantly accepted a cup of tea. “Hmph… Kakarot, why do we even bother coming to places like this?” He took a sip and paused, surprised. “…It’s… actually not bad.”

The shop was cozy, the low hum of the city outside mixing with the soft chatter of a few late-night customers. The aroma of cardamom in the tea mingled with the fried samosas, and for once, the two Saiyans were just two guys enjoying the night.

Goku’s cheeks were stuffed. “Man, Vegeta… these samosas are amazing! And the karak! I could drink liters of this!” He waved at the steaming cups on the table.

Vegeta crossed his arms but sneaked another samosa anyway. “Hmph… I suppose even a Saiyan can enjoy… local cuisine,” he admitted, his tone still proud but a faint smirk on his lips.

Outside, the lights of Abu Dhabi glimmered—Sheikh Zayed Mosque in the distance, the Corniche shining like a ribbon of gold. Inside, the Saiyans ate in peace, their laughter and chatter blending with the quiet night.

Finally, Goku leaned back, patting his full stomach. “Vegeta… nights like this aren’t so bad, huh?”

Vegeta sighed, finishing his karak. “Hmph. Don’t let it go to your head, Kakarot… but… maybe you’re right.”

For that moment, under the Abu Dhabi stars, the two warriors savored their simple victory: a perfect samosa and a cup of karak, far from the battles and chaos of their usual lives. Goku leaned back, patting his full stomach. “Vegeta… nights like this aren’t so bad, huh?”

Vegeta sighed, finishing his karak. “Hmph. Don’t let it go to your head, Kakarot… but… maybe you’re right.”

Just then, Goku, still animated, gestured wildly with his cup of karak. And disaster struck. The hot tea tipped over, splashing all over Vegeta’s pristine kandora.

“AGHHH! KAKAROT!” Vegeta yelled, leaping to his feet. Steam rose from the scalding tea soaking his kandora.

“Uh… s-sorry?” Goku mumbled, cheeks stuffed with samosa.

Vegeta’s eyes blazed. With a growl, he ripped off the wet kandora, revealing his Saiyan armor. “SORRY?! YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS, KAKAROT!”

Before Goku could react, Vegeta blasted through the shop’s ceiling, and Goku followed, leaping into the cool night air. The lights of Abu Dhabi shimmered below—the Corniche, the mosque, and the calm waters—but above them, the real action began.

“Looks like our peaceful Abu Dhabi night just got… epic!” Goku laughed, floating next to him.

Vegeta scowled, fists clenched. “You’re going to regret spilling my tea!”

The two Saiyans clashed above the Corniche. Punches tore through the air with sonic cracks, energy blasts illuminated the night sky, and the reflection of lights danced on the water below. Tables and cups from the shop were nowhere in sight—they were replaced by streaks of blue and gold energy racing through the stars above Abu Dhabi.

“Take this!” Goku shouted, dodging a flurry of attacks.

Vegeta countered, eyes blazing. “I’ll make sure you never forget tonight, Kakarot!”

And so, above the quiet Corniche, the two warriors fought—a chaotic dance of Saiyan pride, hot karak, and ruined samosas—turning a peaceful night in Abu Dhabi into a spectacular battle of laughter, rivalry, and energy blasts. The fight finally came to a spectacular finish. Goku and Vegeta, both exhausted and dripping with sweat (and a little seawater from skimming over the Corniche), crash-landed right back into the karak shop. Tables flew, cups shattered, and a cloud of steam mixed with the faint scent of fried samosas.

The shop owner froze, eyes wide. “What… what just happened?!”

Goku sat up, brushing crumbs off his hair, and grinned sheepishly. “Uh… hi! Just a little… Saiyan sparring! Totally normal.”

Vegeta, chest heaving, glared at the mess, then at Goku. "…Normal?! My kandora is ruined, Kakarot!"

Goku laughed, already reaching for the menu. "Don't worry, Vegeta. I think we deserve another round of samosas and karak after that fight!"

Vegeta groaned, but there was a faint smirk on his face. "Hmph… fine. But this time, keep your clumsy hands—and your tea—away from me."

The shop owner, still trembling, nodded slowly. "Y-yes… another round, sir?"

Goku's eyes sparkled. "Exactly! And maybe… one for me to celebrate this awesome night in Abu Dhabi!"

Vegeta sat down, wiping his face, and reluctantly accepted a steaming samosa. "Hmph… Saiyans may be warriors, but even we can enjoy proper karak. Don't let this get out, though."

Goku raised his cup. "To Abu Dhabi nights, samosas, karak, and… epic fights!"

Vegeta rolled his eyes but clinked his cup with Goku's. For a moment, the city outside was quiet again, the Corniche lights reflecting off the water, while inside, the two Saiyans laughed, munched, and sipped—their rivalry softened by tea, fried pastries, and the unforgettable chaos of the night. The two Saiyans finally stepped out of the karak shop, dripping and still buzzing from the chaos. The night air of Abu Dhabi was cool, carrying faint scents of the Corniche and the city lights reflecting off the water.

"Man… that was insane!" Goku said, stretching his arms. "I don't think anyone's ever fought over samosas and karak before!"

Vegeta shot him a glare but couldn't hide a small smirk. "Hmph… don't think this makes you smart, Kakarot. But… it was… kind of fun."

They walked down the quiet streets toward their apartment, dodging the occasional late-night car. Goku munched on another samosa he'd grabbed for the road, while Vegeta muttered about ruined kandoras and clumsy friends.

The skyline shimmered above them, the Corniche lights reflecting on the calm water. For a moment, the city felt peaceful… almost too peaceful for two Saiyans used to nonstop chaos.

Finally, they reached their apartment building. Goku looked at Vegeta with a big grin. "Man… nights like this are the best. Karak, samosas, a fight or two… nothing beats it!"

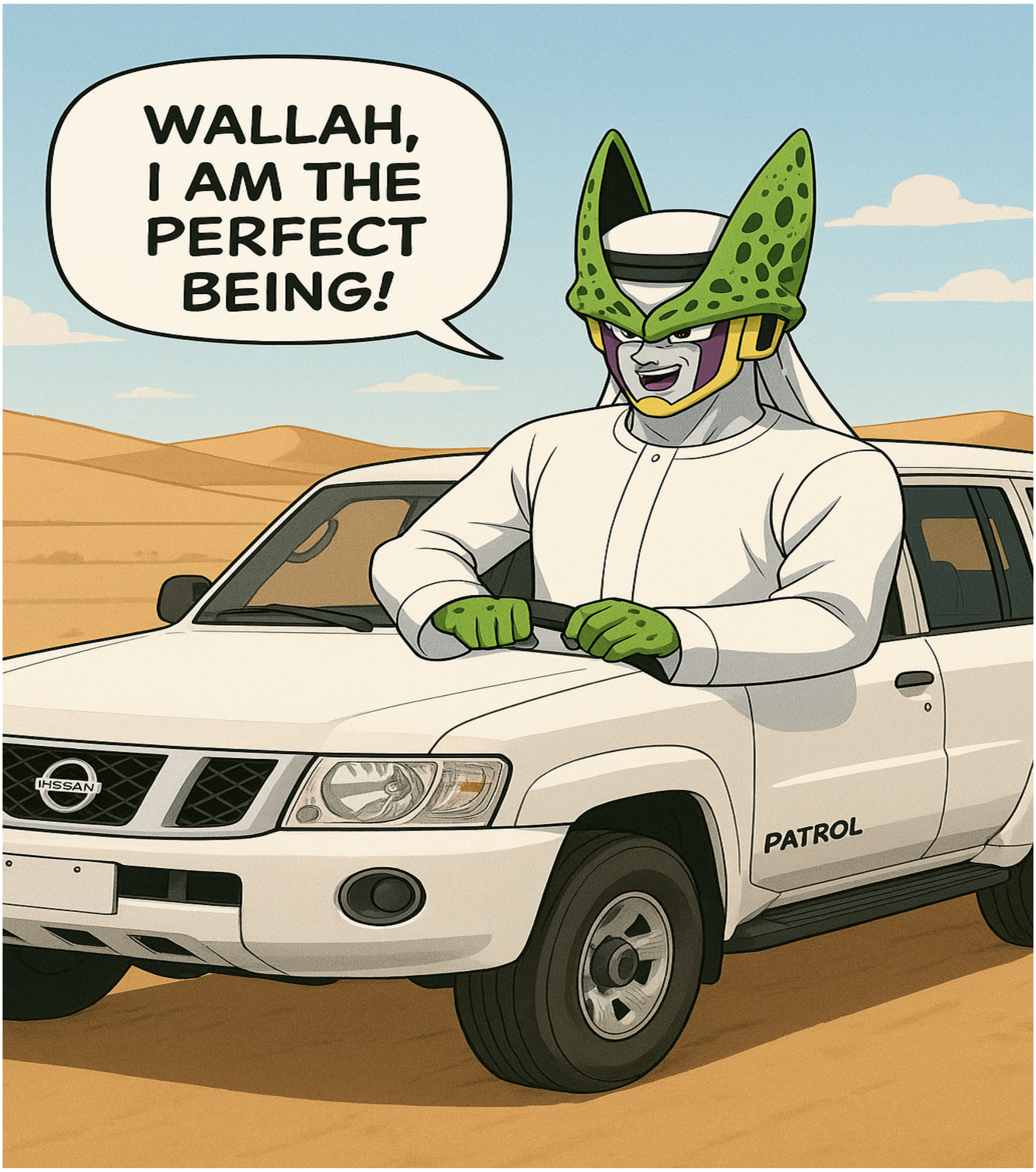
Vegeta shook his head, exhaling. "Hmph… don't get carried away, Kakarot. But… I'll admit… tonight wasn't terrible."

They stepped inside, leaving the quiet Abu Dhabi streets behind, their energy still buzzing from the fight, the tea, and the madness of the night.

Welp, this is the life of 2 Saiyans if they lived in UAE, what a crazy story but we aren't done yet!

Far out in the vast, golden expanse of the UAE desert, the sun was dipping low, casting long shadows over rolling sand dunes. Perfect Cell was behind the wheel of a beefy Nissan Patrol, its tires kicking up clouds of sand as he tore over the undulating terrain with uncanny precision.

“والله! أنا الكائن الكامل!” (Wallah! I’m the perfect being!)


WALLAH, I AM THE PERFECT BEING!
IHSSAN
PATROL

Cell shouted, throwing his arms wide as the wind whipped around him. The roar of the engine mixed with his triumphant laugh, echoing across the empty desert.

The dunes stretched endlessly ahead, but Cell navigated them effortlessly, drifting and bouncing over the soft sand like it was nothing.

Every so often, he’d rev the engine, sending sprays of sand high into the air.

“To think... no one in this desert can match my skill, my power, my... perfection!” he yelled. “لا أحد يستطيع أن يتفوّق علي!” (No one can surpass me!) The Nissan Patrol skidded up a steep dune, and for a brief moment, Cell felt like he was flying.

He came to a dramatic stop at the crest of a dune, the Patrol teetering for a second before settling. He climbed out, arms wide, looking over the endless desert horizon.

“والله... الكمال لي!” (Wallah... perfection is mine!) he declared, laughing into the wind as the orange glow of the sun kissed the sand.

The desert stretched on, endless and empty, but Cell was there, alone and unstoppable—at least until something—or someone—decided to show up.

Perfect Cell strolls toward the masjid, wearing his kandora, the sun blazing over the desert. He pauses at the entrance, muttering to himself in a mix of pride and excitement:

"Wallah... I have made it to the masjid... finally!"

As he steps closer, his sharp eyes spot someone familiar. Gohan, also in his kandora, is standing by the wudu area, sipping laban. Cell’s grin spreads wide.

"Ah... Gohan... we meet again... but today... it seems different, hmm?"

Gohan looks up, startled but calm.

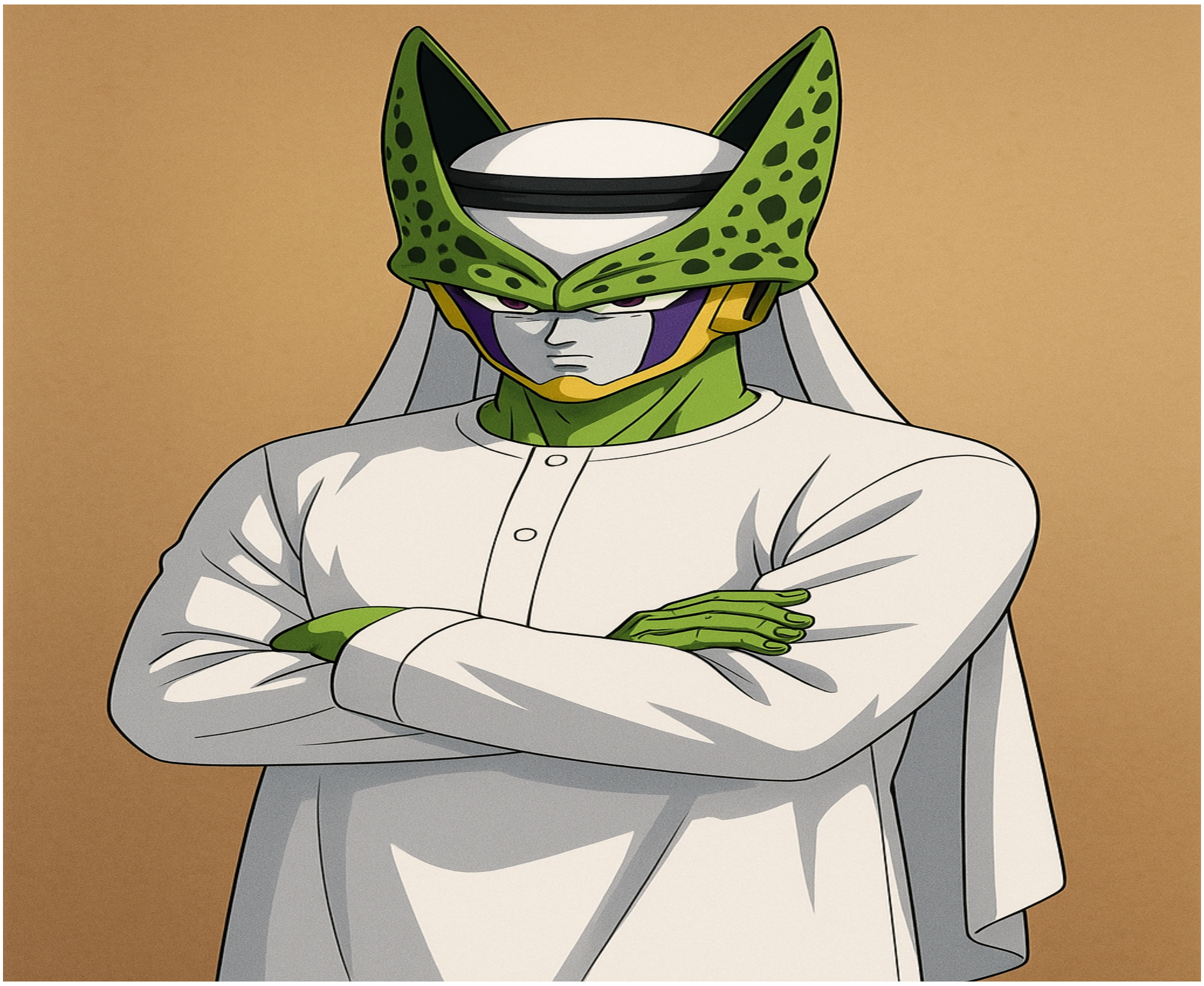
"Cell... what are you doing here?"

Cell laughs softly, the desert wind catching his voice.

"Today, my boy... today I am... perfect. Even in peace..."

Gohan raises an eyebrow at Cell.

"You're late for Maghrib, you know..."



Cell smirks, stepping back slightly, his aura flickering.

"Meet me outside... if you want to truly test your strength."

Before Gohan can respond, Cell lunges with incredible speed, his fist aiming straight for Gohan!

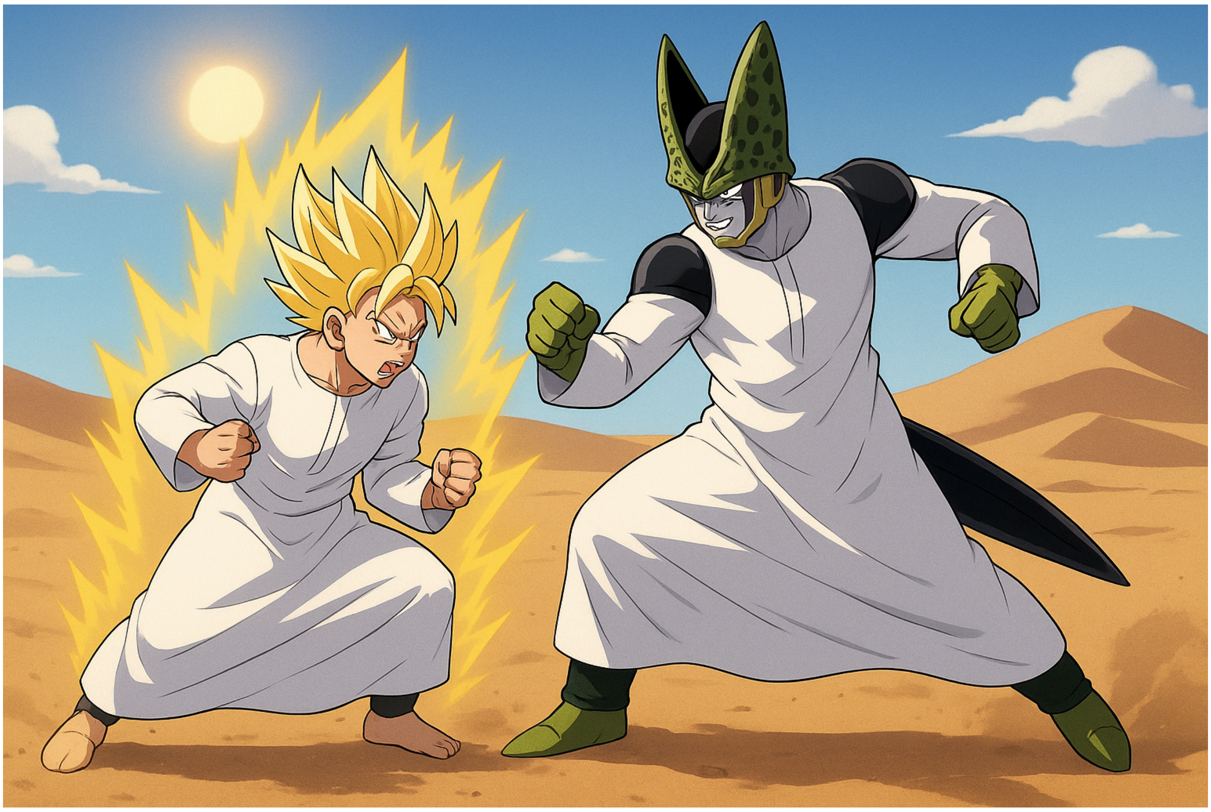
Gohan reacts just in time, dodging the strike and rolling to the side. The sand around them kicks up from the movement.

Gohan's eyes flash with determination, and suddenly, his hair spikes and glows golden.

"Super Saiyan!"

A fierce golden aura surrounds him, the heat of his power making the desert air shimmer. Cell raises an eyebrow, impressed but unphased.

"Finally... some real fun!"



The desert trembles slightly under the sheer force of Gohan’s transformation. Sand swirls violently around them, forming mini whirlwinds in the heat of the moment.

Cell smirks, folding his arms as he surveys the glowing Super Saiyan. “Not bad… but can you keep up with perfection?”

Without warning, Cell darts forward, faster than a mirage in the sun, his fist aimed again at Gohan. But this time, Gohan meets him head-on, their clash sending a shockwave that cracks the desert floor beneath them.

Gohan grits his teeth, focusing all his energy. “I won’t hold back anymore!”

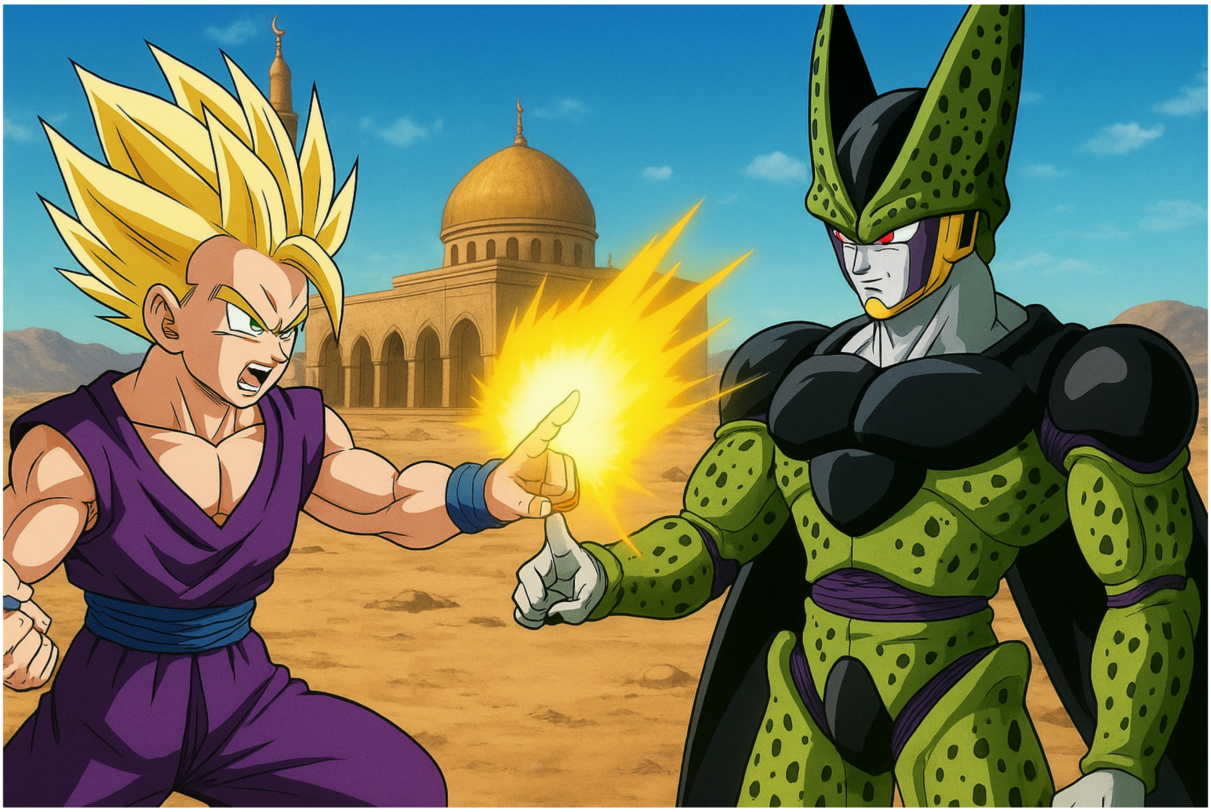
He launches a Masenko, his hands forming the iconic energy wave. A brilliant violet beam streaks toward Cell.

Cell merely raises a single finger, and the Masenko fizzles harmlessly against an invisible barrier. He tilts his head, amused.

“Hmm… clever. But you’ll have to do better than that.”

The sun beats down on the desert, the golden and green auras painting the dunes in surreal colors. The battle is just beginning.

Gohan lunges forward, fists blazing, trying to land a solid hit on Cell. His golden aura flares brighter with every movement, sand whipping around him like mini tornadoes.



Cell chuckles softly, sidestepping with effortless grace. “Kallas… I don’t want to hurt a child.”

Before Gohan can fire another Masenko, Cell simply lifts a finger, and the violet energy beam fizzles out against his invisible barrier.

Gohan stops mid-attack, his eyes widening in surprise. The heat of his power radiates off him, but Cell remains calm, almost teasing.

“You’ve got spirit,” Cell continues, smirking. “But raw strength alone won’t win you this fight.”

Gohan clenches his fists, determination blazing. “I… I’m not just some kid!”

Cell tilts his head, a glint of curiosity in his eyes. “We’ll see about that…”

The desert air sizzles around them, golden light and green energy painting the dunes, the tension crackling like static before a storm.

Gohan takes a deep breath, his golden aura fading as his hair returns to its normal black. He stands tall, calm and composed, sand settling around his feet.

“Kallas… you’re right,” Gohan says softly, bowing his head slightly. “Let’s just go pray Maghrib now. Allah forgives.”

Cell pauses mid-step, blinking at Gohan’s sudden calmness. For a moment, the desert seems still, the tension evaporating into the cool evening air.

“Huh… I didn’t expect that,” Cell mutters, a small smirk forming. “Prayers before battle, huh? Interesting.”

Gohan nods, extending a hand as a gesture of peace. “Even the strongest need guidance. Let’s leave the fighting for later.”

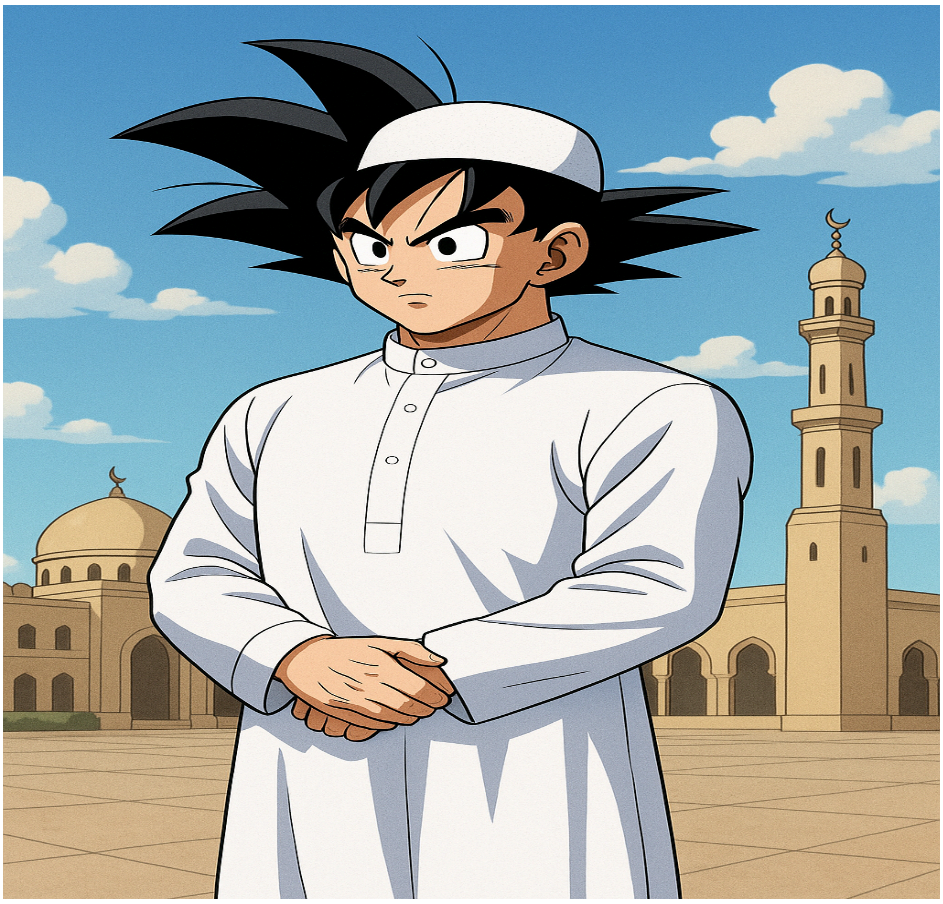
Cell studies him for a moment, then laughs, the sound echoing across the dunes. “Fine… today, we pray. But next time, Kallas… next time, I won’t hold back.”

The sun dips below the horizon, casting long shadows across the desert as the two warriors turn toward the Masjid in the distance, their auras now peaceful instead of fierce.

Back To أَخُنا Goku

Goku stood in front of the mirror, carefully adjusting his clean white **kandora**. He ran a hand through his spiky hair, trying to keep it neat under the **ghutra** he draped over his head. With a small smile, he looked down at his **prayer beads**, making sure they were in his pocket.

“Alright… time for **Jummah**,” he muttered to himself. He took a deep breath, feeling calm and focused, then stepped outside into the warm sunlight, ready to join the congregation at the mosque.



As Goku walked down the quiet street, the sound of birds filled the air, mixing with the faint call to prayer echoing from the mosque nearby. The golden domes glimmered under the sun, and a light breeze tugged at the edges of his kandora.

He smiled as he passed by a few familiar faces—neighbors who greeted him with a warm *"Assalamu Alaikum."* Goku returned the greeting cheerfully, his Saiyan energy softening into humble respect. For once, there was no battle to fight, no enemy to face—just peace.

Outside the mosque, he slipped off his sandals, lined them neatly beside the others, and stepped onto the cool marble floor. The imam's voice was calm and steady, reciting verses that filled Goku's heart with a quiet strength he couldn't quite describe.

As he raised his hands for *takbir*, he thought, *"No training session, no Super Saiyan form, nothing feels as powerful as this peace."*

And for that moment, the warrior from another world simply stood shoulder to shoulder with everyone else—equal, present, and thankful.

As Goku walked home, the sun warming the street, he hummed softly, still carrying the calm from prayer in his chest. The neighborhood was peaceful—kids playing, neighbors chatting, the faint scent of freshly baked bread drifting from a nearby shop.

Then, without warning, a shadow streaked across the street, and a chilling voice cut through the calm.

“Goku… always enjoying your little walks, huh?”

Goku’s eyes widened as Frieza appeared, hovering a few meters above the ground, smirking. “Frieza?!”

Before Goku could take a step back, Frieza shot forward, aiming a strike straight at him. But Goku didn’t panic—he simply **sidestepped**, letting the momentum carry Frieza past him harmlessly into a small pile of sand.

Frieza scowled, circling him. “Still so calm… I’ll have to work harder to get you!”

The fight erupted suddenly, like a storm:

- Goku dodged and blocked, keeping his moves controlled. Every punch and kick was **redirected**, never landing in a harmful way.
- Frieza unleashed flashes of energy, but Goku subtly redirected them toward the empty street or the nearby desert, ensuring no one was hurt.
- People peeked nervously from behind doors, but Goku made sure the fight stayed away from them.

Even though the encounter was **unexpected**, Goku's calm allowed him to manage it without anger or harm.

Finally, Frieza hovered back, breathing heavily, frustrated. "You… you won't fight back like before!"

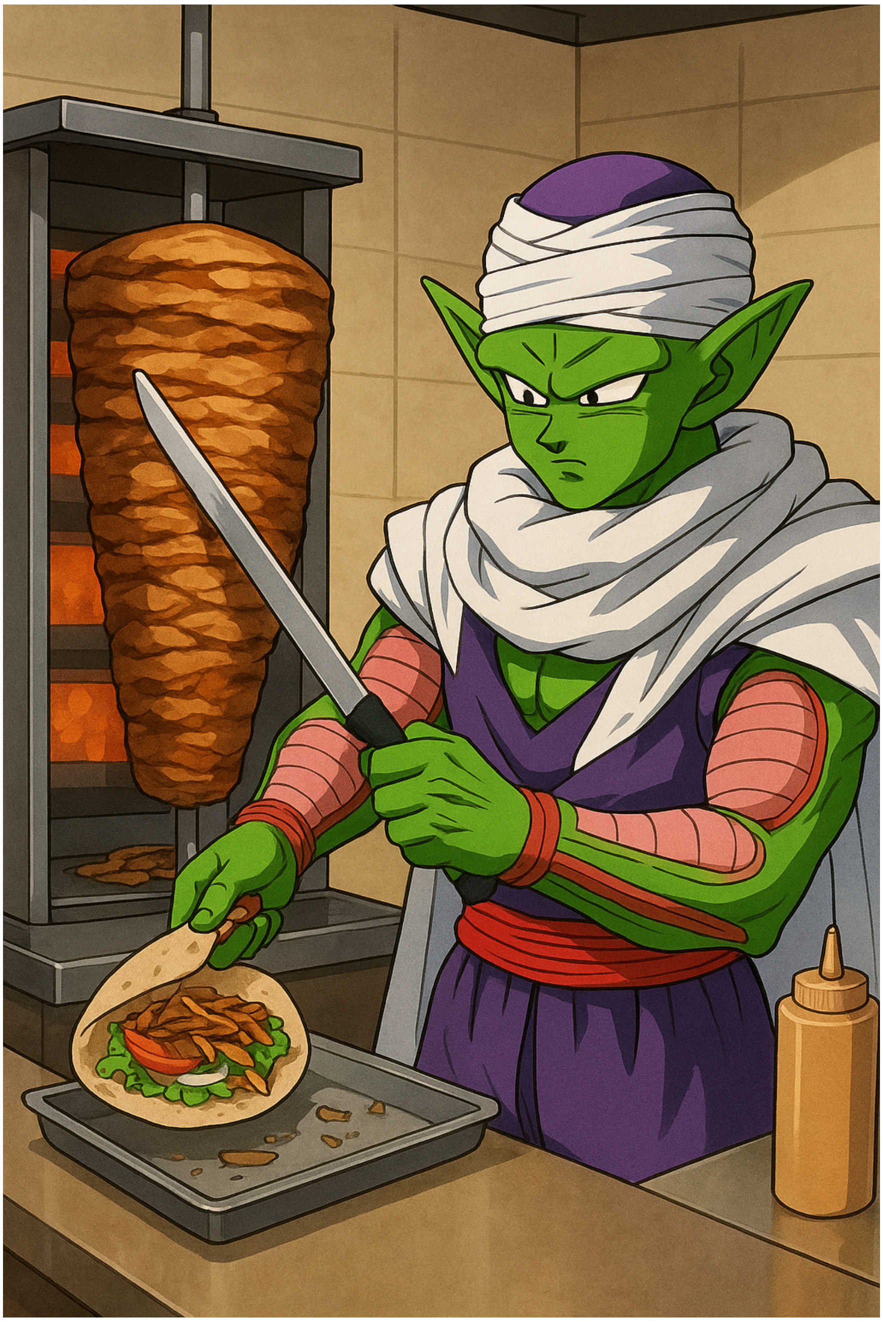
Goku smiled, adjusting his kandora. "Because fighting isn't about hurting someone. It's about protecting what matters. Now… go. Leave the people here in peace."

Frieza hissed but slowly retreated, disappearing into the horizon. Goku exhaled, his heartbeat settling. The street returned to quiet, the sunlight glinting off the golden domes of the mosque in the distance.

For Goku, even an **unexpected confrontation** couldn't take away the strength he felt in **peace and restraint**—the most powerful force he knew.

Meanwhile, a few streets away, the smell of sizzling meat and spices filled the air. Piccolo, usually known for his intense training sessions and stern demeanor, was behind the counter of a small shawarma shop, expertly slicing meat from the rotating spit. He wore a crisp apron over his usual attire, and the name tag read simply: *"Piccolo's Shawarma."*

A customer stepped up, glancing nervously at the towering green figure. “Uh… one chicken shawarma, please?”



Piccolo nodded silently, expertly wrapping the meat with fresh vegetables and sauce, then handed it over with a precision that was almost too perfect. “That’ll be 15 dirhams,” he said in his deep, calm voice.

As the customer hurried off, Piccolo wiped his hands on a towel and glanced out the window. He could see Goku’s street in the distance, the golden sunlight still reflecting off the mosque's domes. A small, almost imperceptible smile crossed his face. Even here, in the middle of a busy neighborhood, the world could stay peaceful… if people like Goku were around.

A young boy ran up to the counter, eyes wide. "Master Piccolo! Are you… really working here?"

Piccolo looked down at him, expression unchanging. "Even warriors need to eat… and sometimes, they need to serve." He handed the boy a small sample of shawarma. "Try it."

The boy's face lit up. "Wow… it's amazing!"

Piccolo nodded once, stoic as ever, before returning to his work, carving meat with the same precision he used in battle. Outside, the neighborhood hummed with life—the children playing, the scent of bread and spices mingling in the air. For Piccolo, this calm, this rhythm of everyday life, was a new kind of training—a test of patience, discipline, and restraint.

Somewhere far above, a faint shimmer of energy on the horizon reminded him that the world wasn't always this peaceful. But for now… it was enough.

Goku returned home after Jummah, the warmth of the sun still lingering on the streets. His white kandora was slightly rumpled from the prayer, but his energy felt light and steady. As he approached his backyard, he noticed Vegeta already stretching, his usual scowl softened by the calm of the afternoon.

"Vegeta?" Goku called out, waving. "Ready to train?"

Vegeta didn't reply immediately—he merely narrowed his eyes, focused, and assumed a fighting stance. Goku grinned, mirroring him across the yard, careful to keep their sparring friendly and controlled.

The two Saiyans circled each other, maintaining distance, testing reflexes rather than aiming to actually harm one another. Goku's feet barely brushed the grass as he dodged, while Vegeta's arms moved in precise, disciplined blocks.

"You've been slacking," Vegeta muttered, though there was a hint of a challenge in his voice.

"Maybe," Goku replied with a grin, "but today, I'm feeling strong… and peaceful!"

They launched into a series of light, controlled strikes and evasions. The air rippled around them, but neither attempted anything excessive—this was training, not a fight. Each movement was careful, each block measured, a perfect balance of energy and restraint.

After a few minutes, they paused, breathing steadily. Goku's hair was slightly mussed, and Vegeta's scowl had softened into a faint smirk.

"Not bad," Vegeta admitted. "You're keeping up… for once."

Goku laughed. "And you're not too bad yourself. Training like this… it feels good."

The two Saiyans continued, moving with the rhythm of the afternoon, enjoying the pure joy of sparring under the sun. There were no spectators, no grand battles—just discipline, focus, and the unspoken bond of two warriors who respected one another.

Even as the distant shimmer of energy flickered on the horizon, Goku and Vegeta knew this moment—peaceful, measured, and entirely theirs—was a rare kind of victory.